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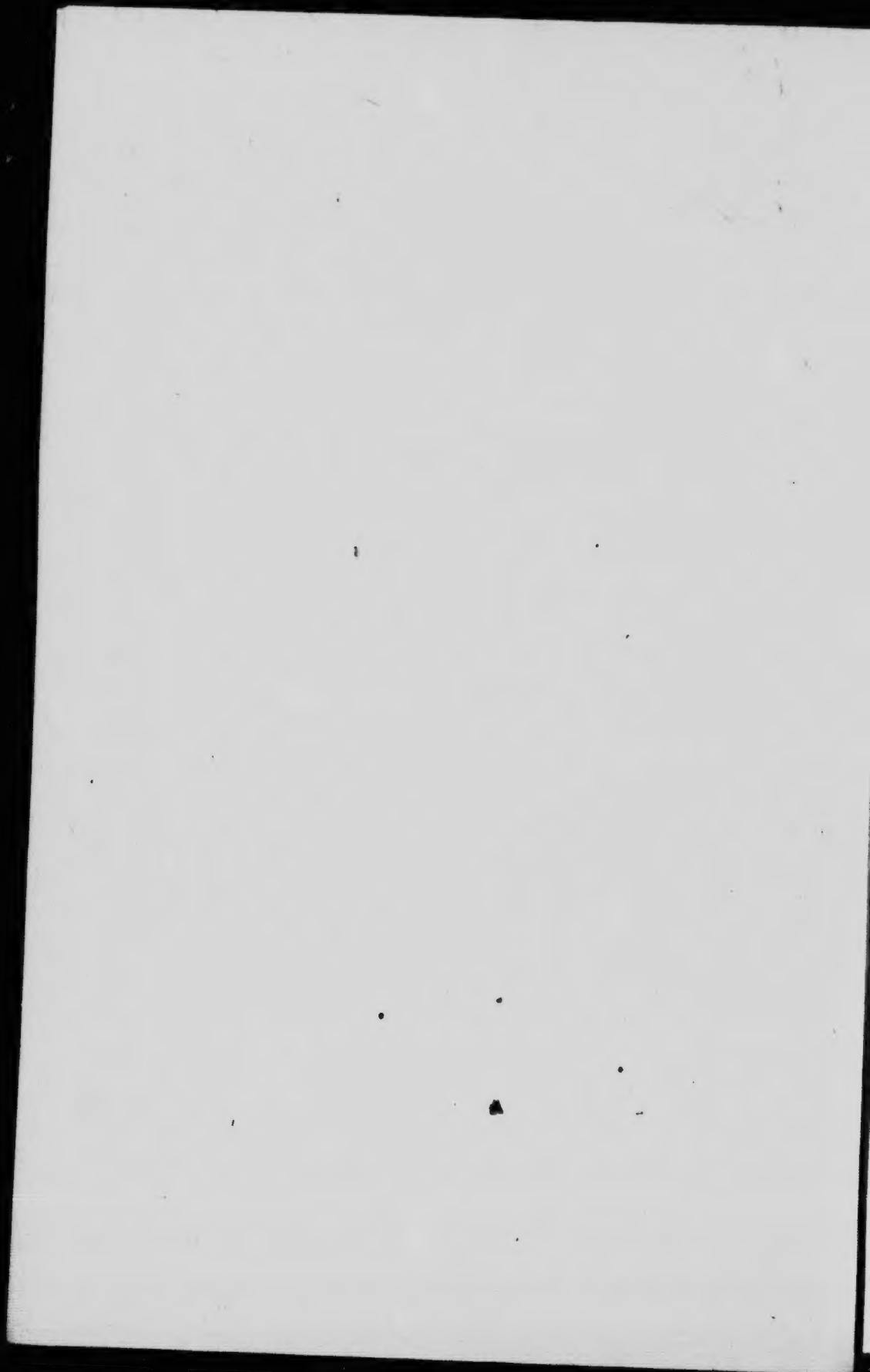
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Rev. John Macdonald
from

James H. Hughes



Love Memories

BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

POETRY

Songs of Gladness and Growth
Rainbows on War Clouds
The Child's Paradise

PROSE

Fröbel's Educational Laws
Dickens as an Educator
Mistakes in Teaching
Training the Children
Adult and Child

LOVE MEMORIES

*Stories and Musings
About Love*

By
James L. Hughes, LL.D.

WARWICK BROS. & RUTTER
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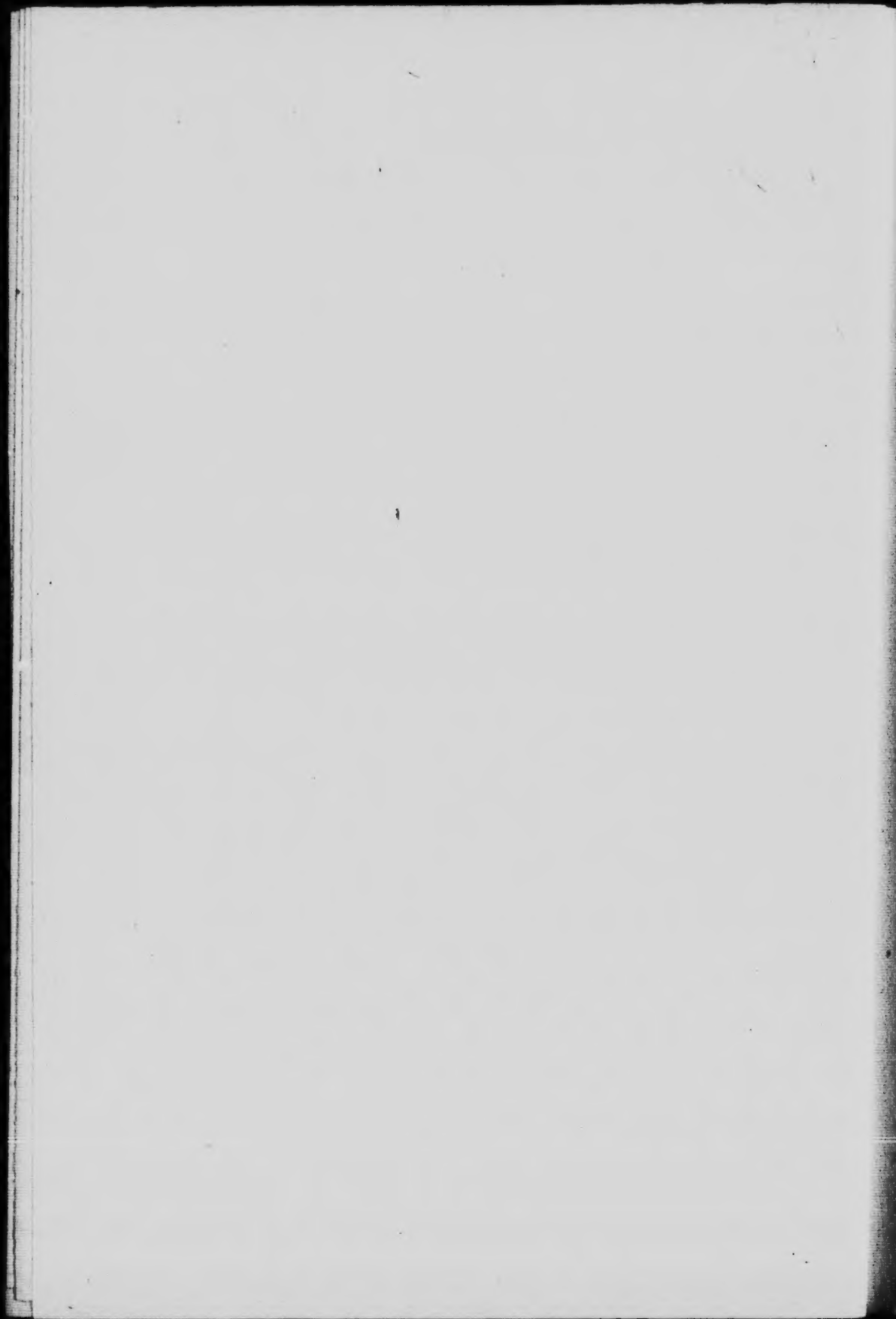
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PREFACE

"Each heart named a different name,
Though all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"

"Molly" is a common noun in the following pages so readers will have different names in their memories, when they read of Molly.

Love should ever be reverent, inspiring, and uplifting. The hope of the writer is that he may reveal the sweetest and most spiritual consciousness of Love.



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LOVE MEMORIES

LOVE memories are beacon lights
On heights where we were blest;
Recalling life's sublimest days
That color all the rest;
Revealing happiness supreme,
When life was at its best.

Love memories are golden gleams
To light life's darkest days;
Love memories are May time birds
That sing life's sweetest lays;
Love memories fill human hearts
With melodies of praise.

MY OWN MOLLY

FROM the blue of the sky
God made her blue eyes;
From the pearls of the sea
Came her teeth, a prize,

From the glow on the west,
As the sun went down,
Came the gold of the locks
That her fair head crown,

From a rift in a cloud
Came her smile of cheer;
From the song of the pines
Came her voice so clear.

From the dome of the stars
Came her winsome spell,
And her spirit serene
That I love so well.

From the love of the heart
Of the Lord divine
Came the love of my love
That is ever mine.

HOW I KNEW

YOU ask me, Molly darling,
How first I thought of you,
And found you in my heart. So
I'll tell you how I knew.

When dawn-gleams o'er the hill-tops
First kissed the blushing sky,
And made me think of you, dear,
I shyly wondered why.

When on the sky at eve time
I saw the afterglow,
I longed to have you with me,
And felt the longing grow.

When in the wildwood pathway
I walked alone, I knew
That all my sweetest dreaming
Was always shared with you.

When birds in blooming May time
Sang only about you,
And each day sang more sweetly;
Why then, dear heart, I knew.

O! SAY IT AGAIN

I TOLD her one day 'neath a singing pine tree
That she was the fairest I ever had seen;
That life without her would have no charm for
me,

That she was my sunlight, my eve-glow, my queen.
She blushed for a moment and said to me then
"It cannot be true, but O! say it again."

With depth of emotion I never had known
I said "Molly dear I'll say that o'er and o'er
Until you believe me and tell me, my own,
You hope I will say it to you evermore."
"I'll try to believe it," she whispered, and then
I clasped her, and kissed her, and said it again.

All life has been sweeter to me since that hour
For Molly more charming has grown since that day:
My hope she makes stronger, she gives me new power,
And the dear little skeptic believes what I say.
She smiles when I call her "my honey," and then
She says "O! my dear heart, please say it again."

I FOUND YOU

WHERE were you through the years?
I must have dreamed
Of you before we met.

Your soul-light streamed
Into my own. I knew
I'd found my own in you.

Where were you through the years?
If I had known,

Through clearer azure skies

I might have flown
Farther and higher, too,
Soul kindling soul—with you.

Life has been richer, since

Our paths first crossed,
And I mourn not because

So much I lost.

I am so glad we met

Before the sun had set.

DEAR MOLLY

A PURLING brook,
A hawthorn tree,
A kindling book:—
An hour with thee.

A mountain high,
A rolling sea,
A cloudless sky:—
A day with thee.

A woodland way,
A bird, a bee,
A blooming May:—
A month with thee.

A dream of joy,
A hope to be,
A happy boy:—
A year with thee.

A lover rue,
A spirit free,
A vision new:—
A life with thee.



Our River

ON THE RIVER

HERE on the rippling river
Paddling my light canoe
Memories float around me,
Molly, of life and you.

Here we have seen the smiling
Dawn's first, faint blushing light
Over the tree-tops yonder
Smile till there was no night.

Here we have watched the eve glow
Closing the happy day
Radiant in brilliant glory
Follow the sun away.

Here in enchanting moonlight
Kindled by vision new
Life oft revealed new beauty,
Truth oft became more true.

There is our great stone armchair
Under the hemlock tree,
Molly, where first you whispered
Sweetly your love for me.

There o'er the birch tree's branches
Hangs our pink fairy vine;
Still the soft breeze brings to me
Perfume of eglantine.

Yonder the thorn is blooming
For you upon the hill;
And our own black-eyed-Susans
Wait for you, Molly, still.

So as the past sweeps by me
Showing in grand review
All that was sweetest, highest,
Molly, I think of you.

Sharing with you the beauty
Sharing the triumphs, too,
For Life has richer meaning
Than in my youth I knew.

Dawn, and eveglow, and moonlight
Reveal joys more divine,
As on the river floating
I hold your hand in mine.

AFTER LONG YEARS

GAVE her fresh violets long ago,
As blue as the sky above,
And to them I tied with a ribbon bow
A boy's simple note of love.
These violets bring you my heart," it said;
She read it and blushed till her cheeks grew red.
But I went away, and long years flew past
Before I returned, and then
The call of my home-land grew strong at last
To see my old friends again.
The church door was open. I went inside,
And learned that my violet girl had died.
I found in her Bible the dry, pressed flowers,
There, too, was the note signed "Jim";
And as I remembered youth's love-lit hours,
My eye with a mist grew dim.
I knew that the love she had never told,
Had lived through the years, and had not grown cold.

WHAT IS LOVE?

LOVE is the joy you kindled
By matchless art,
When first you shone your soul-light
Into my heart.

Love is the song triumphant
You taught me dear,
When heaven's gates were opened
And I could hear

A spirit universal
Set music free,
And rhythmic glory echoed
On land and sea.

Love is my glow supernal
When I could dare
To hope that even you, dear,
For me might care.

Love brought my highest bliss, dear
When first I knew
That I had kindled love-light,
My own, in you.

Love is the strongest motive
That life can give
To work for the divine, dear,
And truly live.

REVISITING

THE house was yonder, the old mill there,
The arbor here by the singing stream,
Wild vines around it, and flowers fair;
I see them yet, as I sit and dream.

'Twas here I sat as the sun sank low,
That eve with Jean, when the sacred joy
Of love first came in the afterglow
To wake the heart of a happy boy.

Oh! fair-haired Jean, with your kind blue eye!
Your soft, low voice as it whispered "Yes,"
Brought message new from the earth and sky,
That evermore will have power to bless.

Long years have passed since that epoch hour;
The house is gone and the old red mill;
But love shines on with enriching power
To stir my life with its first sweet thrill.

O GOLDEN GLEAM

O GOLDEN gleam of the setting sun
That shines on the wide sea's breast
You light a path to a sacred grove
Away in the distant west,
Where in October I sat one day
With her whom I loved the best.

The ripened leaves in their Autumn tints
Dropped down from a maple tree
Like fairy birds with sweet messages
Of joy for great days to be;
And Molly lay in my folding arms
And whispered her love to me.

My heart goes back o'er your shining path
To the grand old woods again;
With her, my own, in my clasping arms
I sit in the woodland glen,
And tell her truly I love her now
More deeply than I did then.

YOU ARE THE SUN AND THE RAIN

YOU are the sun and the rain
To make life's bright flowers bloom;
You are the breeze from the hills
To clear away life's gloom.

You are the gleam of the dawn
That brings my life new light;
You are the glow of the west
That makes my life's sky bright.

You are my star of new hope
To guide my soul aright;
You are the light of the moon
To glorify my night.

You are the mountain's high crest;
You are the rolling sea;
You are the song of the pines
Revealing God to me.

MY MORNING GLORY

I HAVE a garden in my heart
With flowers of beauty rare;—
Fond memories of dearest friends,
And you are blooming there.

I have fine pictures in my heart
Of those I found most true,
And often, when I am alone,
I sit and look at you.

I have sweet music in my heart
Of rich and varied tone;
In life's great choir of voices, I
Can always hear your own.

I loved you in life's morning time,
And you loved me, my own;
But ere life's noontide, death took you,
And I was left alone.

You were my Morning Glory, dear,
Yours was a beauty rare,
And though you bloom no more, dear heart,
To me you still are fair.

LOVE'S SWEET CONTENT

WHEN you tell the sky in the golden west,
At eve when the sun is low,
That you love its beautiful painting best,
I wish I was afterglow.

When the fresh breeze greets you in blooming May,
Beneath the old hemlock trees,
As it kisses you fondly I sigh and say,
"I wish that I was a breeze."

When you wear a rose in your dark brown hair,
My heart with deep rapture glows;
As I see your face so supremely fair,
I wish I had been a rose.

When your head lies here on my shoulder, dear,
I fully approve God's plan;
As you whisper love in my waiting ear
I'm glad that I am a man.

So I'll love with you the eve's afterglow,
The breeze and the red rose, too,
For the love of beauty we share, I know,
Will strengthen my love for you.

TO MY BOYHOOD'S LOVER

I WISH I had the little slate
On which I wrote to you,
"O! Mary Jane, I love you well,
Please, darling, love me, too."

And how I wish I'd kept the note
You shyly passed to me;
"Dear Jim, just look into my heart;
Your answer there you'll see."

The slate was washed—the note was lost—
But graven on my heart
Your answer through the passing years
Remained of life a part.

Our love buds in life's early spring
Unfolded into flower;
Their petals fell, their perfume lasts
And still has kindling power.

And those sweet morning glory flowers
That bloomed so long ago,
Dropped seeds into my heart that yet
In life's love-garden grow.

ER

THE SONG OF THE RIVER

YES! I stood beside the river,
When the setting sun was low,
And between the waving tree tops
I could see the afterglow;
And the river sang the story
That we told it long ago.

And I asked the rippling river,
As I stood there all alone,
If it knew no other story?
It replied in merry tone:—
I tell on the same old story,
But each lover hears his own.

LOVE, THE GREAT REVEALER

TO see the spore dust on a fern
Beneath the microscope
Revealed the great Creator's power,
And filled my life with hope.

To study the vast universe,
And learn the power behind
Directing suns, and moons, and stars,
Revealed God's master mind.

To feel the beauty of the sky,
The flower, the fern, the tree;
Gave me a glow of vital joy,
And kindled love in me.

But your great love, dear Molly, gave
My soul a richer glow,
And started in my life new power
To see, and feel, and know.

You harmonized my life for me,
And gave a meaning new
To God and His great universe;
And made all things more true.

BEAUTY, MUSIC, REVERENCE

WHATEVER is most beautiful
On earth or sky, on land or sea,
Brings joyous ecstasy to me,
And sets my vital spirit free.

The music of the happy birds;
The wind-songs from the tree-crowned hill;
Ope wide the gates of paradise,
And life becomes a glowing thrill.

The study of the universe
In rhythmic unity—one whole,
Awakes my raptured reverence,
And guides to higher growth my soul.

Ecstatic thrill and reverence
That guide me to transcendent view;
Give higher power to see your worth
And grow more worthy, dear, of you.

For you are beauty, dear, to me,
The universe, and music, too,
So what is best in each of them
Must ever make me think of you.

EVENING BY THE SEA

SING, Surf! As you roll to the strand;
Sweet is your song to me;
Sing on of the lady I love
Yonder beyond the sea.

Red, opal and gold of the sky
Glowing on breaking crest;
Tell! Tell of the love she has sent
Out of the distant West.

Scheveningen, The Hague.

YOU ARE ETERNITY

nd;
IN this great city I sit 'neath the stars.
Round me are monuments, sacred, sublime;—
History's records of visions made deeds
Tell me of growth towards the crest in all time.

Thousands of miles you are far, far away
Yet by my side you sit with me, my dear:—
There is no past and no future for me;
You are eternity now to me here.

THE GREAT ECSTATIC MOMENT

THE great ecstatic moment,
When first my love you won;
When past life was o'ershadowed
And new life was begun;

The fondly cherished hope, dear,
That you might love me, too;
The agony of doubting
I suffered till I knew;

The consciousness of bliss, dear,
The sweetest ever known,
When first you whispered fondly,
"I love you, dear, alone."

The love that still grew stronger,
As year succeeded year;
The faith that grew more perfect,
And filled our hearts with cheer;

These were life's epoch stages
In which we gained new powers;
These in our soul life planted
Life's rarest, brightest flowers.

MENT



The Roadside Pine

OUR ROADSIDE PINE

WE stood beneath the roadside pine;
Your hand lay lovingly in mine,
And in your eyes with glow divine
I saw your love-light glory shine.

Then all the good within me grew;
The world was filled with beauty new;
All true things seemed to be more true;
My soul had clearer, higher view;
In that great moment, dear, I knew
That all the universe was you.

O, epoch day supremely blest!
Great day, of all great days the best!
We stood upon life's highest crest
That day, when we our love confessed.

And evermore the roadside pine
Will be to me a sacred shrine,
Where I can feel your hand in mine
And see your heart's true love-light shine.

THE REVERENT LOVER

WORTHY of you, dear heart? Oh no!
And yet to you

I come, my hopeful heart aglow
With love most true.

Because your love my best inspires,
And kindles life's most sacred fires.

Since I have fondly loved you, dear,
New faith is mine;

Deep in my happy heart I hear
Music divine;

And with my spirit vision free
I see great things to do and be.

In love's clear sunlight I will climb,
Dear heart, and so

Through all the fruitful years of time
I hope to grow

More worthy of your love, my own,
Transformed by love—your love alone.

THE AFTERGLOW

THE sun has set behind the hill,
But radiant glory lingers still
In red and gold and blue;
On ev'ry cloud the afterglow
Recalls the happy long ago,
Made happier by you.

For, whether skies were bright or gray,
Your friendship cheered my upward way,
And helped my sun to shine,
And when it sets, I surely know
I'll see you in the afterglow,
And feel your hand in mine.

THE TEST OF TRUE LOVE

He.

HOW shall I prove that my love, dear,
Is pure and true?

How can you know that my heart, dear,
Beats but for you?

She.

My love responds to your own, dear,
I love you best,
So in the love in my heart, dear,
I found my test.

True love is kindled by love, dear,
Your love alone
Waked the divine in my heart, dear,
You are my own.

He.

Your love will strengthen my own, dear,
Mine deepen yours;
So will our love ever grow, dear,
While life endures.

EARTH BECOMES HEAVEN

WIDE o'er the universe hovers my soul;
Flies to the south, and the east, north and
west;

But it rests not till it swiftly flies back—
Back to the home of the one I love best.

Earth is a solitude, where she is not;
She is the sun, and the stars and the moon;
She is the motive impelling my life;
She is the source of my growth in my June.

There is no mountain, no tree, and no flower;
There is no river, and there is no sea;
There is no melody kindling my soul,
But where my lover is waiting for me.

Darkness is light when I see her sweet smile;
Earth becomes heaven when her voice I hear;
When on my sky gather storm clouds of gloom,
She is my rainbow, and clouds disappear.

TO THE NIGHT HAWK

WEIRD spirit of the twilight
Soaring so high,
There is no sound of sweetness
In your wild cry.

Yet in your witching message
I hear a tone
That brings the heart of Nature
Close to my own.

I heard your loud call, standing
By mother's knee,
Pierce through the low, sweet music
She sang to me.

I heard your note in boyhood
Above the trees;
When life began revealing
Its mysteries.

I heard you in the gloaming
That night in June,
When first my heart was kindled
By love's sweet tune.

So vision follows vision
In dreams sublime,
When to your cry I listen
At eventime.

THE REVEALER

SINCE I saw across Life's ocean
The glow of your friendly light,
My soul has a clearer vision
Of justice, and truth, and right,
My faith in mankind is stronger,
My pathway has grown more bright,
My courage and strength are greater
To win in the uphill fight.

There is more sweetness in Springtime,
More music of birds in June,
There is more hope in the morning,
More rest in the peaceful noon,
There are more stars in my heaven,
More mystic charm in the moon,
There is, since you sang it for me,
More melody in Life's tune.

There is more warmth in the sunshine,
More gold in the sunset, too,
There are more pearls in the raindrops,
More diamonds in the dew,
There are more flowers in the woodland,
More beauty in mountain view,
More glory in sea and river,
Since you made the whole world new.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS WITH YOU

YOU stand beside me on the mountain crest;
The ice peaks yonder catch the radiant glow
Of sunset beauty in the golden west,
And paint it on the limpid lake below.
I dream that you are here to share my view;
I am above the clouds, dear heart, with you.
Sit here with me and watch the distant heights
Blush pink and purple, as the sun goes down,
While far below a thousand gleaming lights
Reveal the outline of the busy town.
Come live our happy years of love anew,
Till hope grows strong above the clouds with you.
And when in vaulted sky the bright stars shine,
Visions will come of grander heights to climb;
Into our lives will shine a light Divine
Revealing service to make life sublime,
For on the mountain top all life seems true
Above the clouds, dear heart, with God and you.

SACRED GROUND

STAND with uncovered head
Under this hemlock tree,
Lightly beneath it tread,
Sacred it is to me.

Here first my eyes were filled
With Hope's exultant tears,
When I, with rapture thrilled,
Saw through the waiting years

Dimly what I might be,
Dimly what I might do,
Helping to make men free,
Helping to make them true.

Here one October day
Her heart shone into mine,
Clearing the mists away,
Letting her love-light shine.

Never was light before
So radiant as then,
Never till time is o'er
Will such light shine again.

AN AUTUMN BENEDICTION

HAS your soul e'er been filled with the glory
Of the beautiful world overhead,
As you sat in the woods in October,
When the leaves were all yellow and red?

Have you lain on the leaves on a mossbank
And looked up to the sky through the trees?
Have you seen the bright leaves through the sunshine
Floating down, when set free by the breeze?

Did each leaf in the air seem to hover
Like a spirit with message for you?
Did it tell you that all life is beauty
When our souls are attuned to the true?

Did you make a red wreath for your lover
With the beautiful leaves as they fell?
Did you see in her eyes as she wore it
The rich glow of her love light? Ah, well!

If you did you will ever remember
All the joys of that wonderful day,
For the message of leaf tint and love glow—
They can never be taken away.

LOVE'S WIRELESS MESSAGES

WHEN Nature brings to me
At dawn and eve
Beauty magnificent.

Then I receive
Your love-lighted message
Tender and true,
And I send my answer
Dear heart, to you.

Ask the first blush of dawn
Lighting the sky
If my heart longs for you?
It will reply:—
"Yes! You made life to him
Vitality new;
Its sweetest music still
Echoes from you."

Ask eve's bright afterglow
When sun has set,
If your love-roots in me
Sink deeper yet?
List to the answer clear
Out of the West;
"Yes! Your love-roots grow strong,
He loves you best."

A MEMORY

I WAS thirteen and she was twelve.
In blooming May
I walked a blessed mile with her
From school one day.
Out from the village street we went,
Near the old mill,
Along the road and past the church
Beyond the hill.

We spoke of beauty that we saw
On field and sky;
She loved the trees, the flowers, the clouds,
And so did I.
We reached the parting of our ways,
And said "good bye,"
When wistful tenderness I saw
Light up her eye.

We silent stood, until I said,
"May I come, too?"
She blushed, then smiled and coyly said,
"I'd like it—do!"
Some of the sweetest flowers of life
That still remain
First started in my heart to grow
In that green lane.

WHEN HER LOVE AWOKE

I WAS a village teacher; one
Who did not merely teach,
But tried to kindle souls, and show
The special power of each.

I loved my work, it gave me joy
To watch soul powers grow,
And higher joy to kindle them
With vision's vital glow,

So I was happy, till I met
A charming lady there,
Whose mind enjoyed life's truest things,
Whose beauty was most rare.

She was the village leader in
All true progressiveness;
Her mind was free from prejudice,
Her heart from selfishness.

In many ways I worked with her
To guide the people right;
To make them conscious of their power,
And lead them towards the light.

Through all she was my friend—no more—
Of love she gave no sign;
But soon I was enraptured, and
Love filled this heart of mine.

"O! foolish heart," I said, "I know
That she can never be
My lover, but no other love
Can ever come to me.

"I dare not even try to win
Her love for me, but deep
In my fond heart a sacred love
For her I'll ever keep.

"And, though I have no hope that she
Will ever be my wife,
My reverence for her will be
My motive power through life."

For two whole years with courtesy
My coming she would greet
With easy grace and dignity;
And winsome smile so sweet.

Then to a city I was called
A higher place to fill;
I told her, and she calmly said,
"You have fine power and skill."

I saw no heart-glow on her face,
No love-gleam in her eye;
I heard no changed tone in her voice,
Till, as I said "good bye,"

I asked her for the rose she wore,
She smiled, and gave it me;
I wondered if my love-filled heart
Her woman's eye could see.

She was serene. I took the rose
And kissed it. Then I knew,
For she said, "give it back to me,
And I will kiss it, too."

Then rapture swept my fear away,
My heart I dared disclose;
"O! let me take the kiss," I said,
"I'll give it to the rose."

She closer came, and smiling still
Gave me love's kiss divine;
I held her close, and—bliss supreme—
I knew that she was mine.

"When did you know I loved you, dear?"

"Two years ago," she said;
And blushing shyly, on my breast
She laid her lovely head.

I smiled in wonder, as I asked,

"Please tell me if you know,
When did your love for me awake?"
She said, "two years ago."

THEIR LOVERS

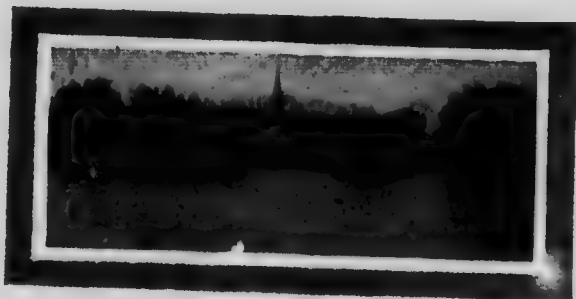
THEY sat by the sea on a still June night,
And dreamed of the past in the soft moonlight;
Two women of seventy years or more
Sat dreaming of life on Virginia's shore.

Though strangers, the spell of the mystic hour
Soon mellowed their hearts by its magic power;
The gates of their lives opened wide, and then
Their joys and their sorrows came forth again.

One told of her lover who went away
With Lee to the war on her wedding day;
And how she hoped on through the tragic years,
Till bravely he died, and left only tears.

The other smiled shyly, and coyly said,
"I think that my lover, like yours, is dead;
The lover I dreamed of, but never knew,
He must have been killed in the great war, too."

ight;



"Merriest Girl in the School was May"

MERRY MAY

MERRIEST girl in the school was May,
Leader in study, adept in play,
Radiant with smiles was her winsome face,
Queenly yet simple, unmatched in grace.
Yielding with joy to her witching sway
All hearts were won by the gladsome May.

Pride of the village grew Merry May,
Guide of the people in work and play.
Years had unfolded her charms and powers;
Buds of her girlhood bloomed fairest flowers;
Rare was her beauty of heart and mind;
Pure was her soul-hood serene, refined;
Bright was the light in her dark brown eye,
Clearly revealing her purpose high;
True to her vision, alert and strong;
Leader of forces against the wrong.
When the dark clouds of a social strife
Threatened the peace of the village life,
Hers was the wisdom that stilled the storm,
Hers was the love-fire that kept hearts warm,
Yet she was blithesome, and free, and gay,
Happy, as if but a girl at play.

Lovers came courting and went away
Leaving unkindled the heart of May.
Lovers returned and proposed, but she
Told them all kindly her heart was free.

"Mystery," gossiped the friends of May,
"She has a lover unknown," said they.
"Crossed in her love" was another key
Tried to unlock her heart mystery.
Last of the gossips a woman said,
Solemnly shaking her old grey head,
"If she would stay in her home and do
Woman's own work, she would be more true;
Women who meddle with man's work lose
Softness, and shyness that all men choose."
Little they knew of the heart of May,
Gossiping there on that bright June day.

None of them knew that on that same day
Mother sat close by the side of May
Under an apple tree, rich in bloom,
Filling the air with its sweet perfume,

Tenderly stroking her daughter's head,
Waiting for strength till at last she said,
"Daughter! A mother can always see
Things that to others may hidden be.
Have you a shadow of fond regret?
Is there a lover you can't forget?
What would you say if one came again
Wooring? Dear, what would you answer then?"
"None who have spoken," said honest May,
"Touched my best life, so what should I say?
But there is one who has made earth new,
Made all the true things to me more true.
He has not spoken, and yet I know

Life's greatest love in my heart does glow.
Shadow you saw? 'Twas the dread that he
Never might offer his love to me.
Fear not, dear mother, that I will show
Too soon to him that I love him. No!

Modesty watchful a guard will keep
Over my heart, where my love lies deep."
Mother that night, as she knelt to pray,
Asked special comfort for pensive May.

He was a teacher, a farmer's son,
Humble his home, and though he had won
Honors at college, he still was shy.
Lover was he of the earth and sky;
Bird songs, and flowers, and stars, and trees,
Deep were the joys that he found in these.
Happy was he when a little child
Trustingly looked in his face and smiled;
But he was shy, as he well might be,
When he was met in society.
It was to him a new world unknown;
Much in the past he had lived alone.

Asleep was his heart till he met fair May
Bearing a basket of ferns one day.
Heavy the basket and long the road;
"Lady," said he, "may I take your load?"
"You may not take it," sweet May replied,
"But you may share it,"; so side by side
Slowly they carried the ferns that day
Home to the garden of radiant May.

Two hearts awoke on that epoch day,
Life had new meaning to merry May;
He was transformed by Love's kindling light;
Stars never shone as they did that night.
Back in the gloaming he went again,
Back to the spot near the pine-crowned glen,
Went he to stand on the hallowed ground,
Worshipping God with the joy he found.

Long did he stand in the moonlight there
Dreaming of May, till a dark despair
Settled upon him. "O fool," said he,
"Vain is your hope that she e'er can be
Yours. She belongs to a higher sphere;
'Twas but heart-madness that brought you here."
Through the long night he suffered on. On
Till at the glow of awaking dawn
Love-light returned to his heart, and then
Gratitude swept through his soul again.
"Glory was mine for an hour," said he,
"Its light will shine through eternity."

Often he went to his sacred shrine,
Temple of love in the grove of pine;
Went there to worship through love of May
Close to the place where she stood that day.
Once at the close of the day he stood,
Reverently, in the old pine wood,
Watching the afterglow through the trees.
Suddenly over the summer breeze
Floated her voice from the road to him—

Thrilling his soul as a vesper hymn.
She, too, had come to the place, where she
Met him that day of her destiny.

"Tell him, O breeze, of this love of mine,
Tell him to hear it in singing pine,
Tell him to see it in afterglow,
Tell him the love that I dare not show."

Startled was she when the loved one came
Out from his shrine, and with heart aflame
Told how he loved her, but had not dared
Hope that with him could her love be shared.
Told of his vigil beneath the pine,
How from his darkness came light divine,
Vision of duty and insight new,
Faith in his power to be and do.

Pledged they their vows in the gloaming there
Life with its duties and joys to share.
Then, as the sun ere it sank to rest
Painted the sky in the golden west,
Home to her mother they went, and told
The world's great story that ne'er grows old.
Mother that night, when she knelt to pray,
Thanked the Kind Father for happy May.

MY LOST JEAN

DEAR Jean, I often sit and dream
Of flowers that bloomed beside the stream
In which I paddled free, alone,
When earth and sky were all my own.
More exquisite the flowers grew
Year after year, until with you
I walked one great June day. We took
The path beside my singing brook
Across the valley to the glen,
And in the gloaming back again.

Enchanted by your charm each flower
Responded with its highest power.
Marsh marigolds with yellow gleam
Outlined the margin of the stream;
Lobelia, cardinal and blue,
Unfurled bright flags to welcome you;
The jewel-weed and bellwort, too,
Swung their sweet bells to ring for you;
The violets and blue-eyed grass
Smiled shyly when they saw you pass;
The crane's-bill and anemone
Opened their hearts that you might see;
The meadow-sweet and meadow-rue
In intertwining beauty grew;
The trumpet-weed and turtle-head
Stood high "to kiss your hand," they said.

When we had reached the rocky glen,
We left the singing stream, and then
Wake-robins white, pink columbine,
And blood-root to their bower fine
Invited us to rest, where we
The wide, rich meadowland could see.
The mountain fringe high on the trees
Waved gracefully upon the breeze,
And sitting there we looked away

Across a field of white that day.
Ten thousand marguerites were there
Bowing, their greeting to declare;
And groups of black-eyed Susans told
Their love from lips of purest gold.
My heart awaked to glory new,
And I, too, told my love to you.
We cut two sprays of eglantine;
You gave me yours, I gave you mine.

Oh! nevermore can heartglow be
So sweet as on that day to me.
The flowers may bloom as fair as then,
But you can never come again.
With heart so sore and grief so deep,
Jean, when at last you fell asleep,
I took your dear, cold hand in mine,
And in it shut our eglantine.

THE LUCKY STONE

WE walked along the river's side
One Sunday in the May time,
The trees, the flowers, the cloudless sky
Made life seem but a play time.

The balm of Gilea' buds perfumed
The air, and it was jolly
To hear the birds sing merrily
"Good luck to you and Molly."

I found a stone, a flat white stone
Made smooth and round by water.
It had a hole quite near the edge,
And, looking shyly at her,

I said, "This is a lucky stone;
Whatever you wish through it,
Will come to pass, and what you ask,
Young men will try to do it."

I held it up before her face,
I felt my cheek grow warmer,
And said, "were this a looking glass
You now might see my charmer."

She took the stone and blushing still
She whispered sweetly through it,
"Dear heart, whatever you love best
Come quickly—quickly to it."

And balm of Gilead buds in May
Recall that day's great story,
When by the river in the glen,
I found life's richest glory.

THE CEDAR SPRAY

I WALKED in the woods on the heights by the sea
One day in October. The lady with me
Was winsome and charming, discreet and serene,
With bearing majestic and look of a queen.

The beautiful tints on the trees filled her soul,
She spoke with delight of the sea's graceful roll;
I knew that I loved her, and longed to declare
My love, but I could not; my heart would not dare.

I gave her a spray from a young cedar tree,
And I told her I hoped that it ever would be
A symbol of friendship between her and me.
She graciously thanked me—and looked at the sea.

She seemed to belong to a sphere far above;
I felt it was useless to hope for her love;
But I knew that to love her would bless me, though she
From love and its magic would ever be free.

We sat on a rock till the afterglow came,
And turned the blue sea to a glorified flame;
Then homeward we walked, till she said in dismay:
"I've lost it! I've lost it, my beautiful spray."

Her words and her manner, her face and her tone
Revealed that her heart beat in tune with my own.
We found it. She kissed it. Her gladness I shared;
I knew her sweet secret, and joyfully dared.

JIM! COME IN TO-NIGHT

THE moon had thrilled me oft before
With witching light,
But it had message new to me
That epoch night,
When Molly whispered sweetly, "Jim!
Come in to-night."

The past was swept away by love's
Resistless might;
The future shone with radiant glow
A vision bright;
I entered heaven, when Molly said,
"Come in to-night."

The memory is sacred still
Of that June night.
Life knows but once the ecstasy
Of pure delight
I felt, when Molly whispered, "Jim!
Come in to-night."

MY MOLLY

YOU ask, "if e'er I loved before
With love so true?"

I answer, "My life's greatest love
Responds to you."

You kindle not my heart alone;
You kindle me,
And make my vital vision power
More strong and free.

You are my source of growth and joy,
Impelling me
To climb and to achieve, that I
May helpful be.

The waking dawn and sunset sky
Have beauty new;
The mountains and the mighty sea
To me are you.

You give fresh sweetness to the woods
And flowers in June;
You are my harmony; you keep
My life in tune.

My love for you fills all my soul
With joy serene;
I reverence, as well as love—
My own! My Queen!

THE BACHELOR'S TALE

TWAS at the club one Autumn night
Five comrades sat with pipes alight,
Five benedicts were they, and when
I made the sixth, these married men
Began to sympathize with me
And wonder why I still was free.
Each told with rapture of his wife,
And spoke with scorn of single life.
"Why don't you marry, Tom?" they said;
"You'll ne'er be happy till you're wed."
"Good friends," I said, when they were done,
"The world's best woman I have won."
"No! No!" they said; "that cannot be."
But I replied, "She's best for me."
To love susceptible my heart
Was early pierced by Cupid's dart;
I worshipped my enchanting queen.
She was a woman at nineteen,
While I was but a youth, so she
Made my love madness clear to me.
My torn heart healed, but buried deep
Beneath its scars love lay asleep,
Nor did its torpor trouble me.
At thirty-five I was heart-free,
Till first I saw my Florence; then
My love burst into flame again.

I did not feel impending fate,
I was not hoping for a mate,
But suddenly my heart stood still,
Then glowed with love's ecstatic thrill.

Invited by a new-found friend,
I went with him a week to spend;
I walked one sunny afternoon
Through his grand woods. The flowers of June
Smiled at me with their richest bloom,
And filled the air with sweet perfume.
I reached his boundary and stood
Rejoicing that all life was good,
When through the bushes I could hear
A woman's sweet-toned voice quite near.

I stepped aside for clearer view,
And that she was my own I knew,
Fine ladies I had often met
Who were both fair and wise, and yet
They gave my long-locked heart no thrill—
My dormant love slept soundly still;
But in an instant it awoke
And all the cords that bound it broke,
When patting her fine horse's head,
"I love you, darling Tom," she said.

Her auburn hair, her charming face,
Her step so full of buoyant grace,
Her vital movements, easy, free,
Her look of conscious dignity;

All these I saw, but I had known
These charms in others—she alone
Could stir my deepest life and be
The glory kindling light in me.
Love had grown strong through years of rest,
And reigned triumphant in my breast.

My friend a dinner gave that night;
I met her there, and hope grew bright.
My hostess, keen with woman's art,
Soon saw the ardor of my heart,
And skilfully her plans she made
My matrimonial plans to aid.
With Flo each day I rode or drove.
One afternoon beside the grove
I stopped and said: "One day I stood
Beyond those bushes in the wood;
I saw you pat your horse that day.
I breathless stood, and heard you say:
'I love you, darling Tom,' and knew
That I could win life's best with you.
My name is Tom; oh! say again
The same great words," and then
"I love you, darling Tom," she said.
Thanksgiving day we shall be wed.

LOVE'S PROBLEM

I NEVER wondered, dear, that I
Should love you more than all the rest;
But I did always wonder why,
My own, you learned to love me best.

I used to think my love for you
Stirred my divinest power in me,
And gave me clearer, wider view;
But now the higher truth I see.

It is your love for me, I know,
And not my love, dear heart, for you,
That fills my soul with richer glow,
And makes my earth and heaven new.

Your love-shine kindled me, till I
Found power greater than I knew,
And in your love light I will try
With stronger faith life's work to do.



Our Hemlock Tree

OUR HEMLOCK TREE

OH! dearest spot in Molly's farm!
My youth returns with witching charm;
Here on the bank beside the stream,
Now as I sit and fondly dream
Of those bright summer days when we
Two sat beneath the hemlock tree,
That stood so proudly broad and high
Until it seemed to reach the sky.

When you were twelve and I thirteen,
And I was king and you were queen,
One day you made for me a crown
Of golden flowers with centre brown,
And I, too, made a crown for you
Of daisies trimmed with phlox so blue.
That day beneath the hemlock tree
Life was enchanting ecstasy.

In fancy, dear, that day we planned
To make our lives sublimely grand;
To let the children always play;
To drive all evil things away;
To bless the world with visions new,
And teach men to be just and true.
Great things we planned to do and be
That day beneath the hemlock tree.

School days soon passed ; we moved apart
But I kept ever in my heart
The kindling visions we had then
Of service to our fellowmen.
Long years since then have passed away ;
Life has been richer since that day,
And still I feel impelling me
Our dreams beneath the hemlock tree.

'Twas sixty years ago. To-day
I sit and dream this eighth of May,
And still I love the golden flower
You crowned me with that happy hour,
And still I dream that you are near.
Oh ! how I long your voice to hear,
And your sweet girlish face to see
Beneath our sacred hemlock tree.

THE THANKSGIVING PICNIC

EDWARD BROWN loved Minnie Green;
He was twenty, she nineteen.

In a valley near a wood
Their two homes together stood.
They in childhood's days had played
In the grass-grown forest glade;
They in May-time's happy hours
In the meadow gathered flowers;
They had loved the shady nook
Close beside the purling brook,
Where they learned the melodies
Of the song birds in the trees;
So as childhood passed away
Closer friends they grew each day.

School days came, and girl and boy,
Waking to a greater joy,
Walked together, happy still,
To the school house on the hill.
As their lives with higher view
Were enriched by visions new;
Each one to the other brought
Wealth of clearer, deeper thought,
Till between them strongly grew
Comradeship serene and true.
Youth with conscious power came,
Giving friendship nobler aim,
Till at length his heart awoke,
But no word of love he spoke;

"She, I know, can think of me
Only as a friend," thought he,
"And I dare not let her know
That I feel love's thrilling glow."
Never dreamed he that she knew
His fond love, and loved him too.

So until Thanksgiving Day
From her home he kept away,
And had sought but sought in vain
Some relief for love's strange pain,
For no matter what he'd do,
Stronger his heart hunger grew,
Till he said, "God! I must know;
To the picnic I will go,
And I'll tell her life will be
Ever full of joy, if she
To her heart will welcome me,
And from doubt will set me free."
When they met his lips were sealed,
And although her eyes revealed
Love for him to others—he
Blindly looked, but did not see.

While he suffered came Tom Kent,
Who his early life had spent
In the village on the hill,
And we all remembered still
He had said that "Minnie Green
Was the sweetest girl he'd seen,"

When he met her in the store
On the hill a year before.
In the city he had won
High esteem for work well done.
He had come that day to see
Minnie Green, and hoped that she,
Who more beautiful had grown,
Would consent to be his own.
Confident some lovers are.
"Minnie, I have brought my car;
Will you ride with me?" he said.
But she answered: "No! With Ed
I am going for a ride."
Quickly then to Minnie's side
Edward came with heart aglow,
And together they did go
For their ride. He lost his fear.
Soon he said, "Oh! Minnie dear,
Bound by friendship's ties so strong,
Comrades we have been so long;
I have dreaded, dear, to say
That I love you till to-day.
Now I ask you, dear, to be
Playmate, comrade, wife for me.
All His other gifts above,
You are God's great gift, my love."

Minnie smiled and coyly said,
As she shook her curly head :
"Maybe I'm God's gift to you,
But I did some giving, too.
Dear, your love for me I knew,
And my heart loved only you,
But you were so shy and slow
I just had my love to show.
You are God's great gift to me,
But I helped God, dear, you see,
And I'll help you through the years,
Sharing joys and drying tears;
Playmates, comrades, lovers still,
Life with happiness we'll fill."
Then he clasped her to his breast,
Eye, and lip, and tongue expressed
Love in life's sublime old way
On their best Thanksgiving Day.

NELLIE WAS TRUE

GAY and frivolous was she,
Just a thoughtless care free bee
Sipping honey from life's flowers

Quite unconscious of her powers.

He was grave and wise and true

Planning noble things to do;

Deeds of service for mankind

Deeds that human hearts should bind.

When they met soon Cupid's darts

Entered both their willing hearts.

Though unlike in life and aim,

Each heart glowed with love's bright flame.

Oft he tried to make her see

That her life might truer be;

That in service for the rest

She would be supremely blest;

But she smiled and still would say,

"Let me be a child and play.

You do service for us two

I will live, dear heart, for you."

Fondly then, he said and smiled,

"Dear, I'll love you as a child,

Till your soul awakes, my own;

Love you ever, dear, alone."

"Could you wed a happy child,"

Said she, "dreaming fancies wild?"

"Yes!" he answered with a kiss,

"Life with you will aye be bliss."

Love if reverent and deep
Dormant powers awakes from sleep.
Kindled, Nellie woke to see
Visions of what life might be.

Mother heard his story soon;
"I'll be married, dear, in June
To a woman fair and sweet,
Then my life will be complete."

Mother loved her only son
Who had many honors won,
So she deemed it wise that she
Her son's choice should go to see.
Naught she said to him, but went.
With a friend a night she spent.
Doubtful stories roused her fears,
Till her heart o'er flowed in tears.
Naught of evil did she hear,
Still she thought her duty clear;
For her son she hoped to find
One of earnest, thoughtful mind.

To fair Nellie's home she went
With her heart by sorrow rent.
Told her worship of her son;
Told of plans that had begun
In her mind for him to grow;
Told her that he did not know
Of her visit, but that she
Claimed a mother's right to be
Guardian of her darling son,

Her first babe—her only one;
Told the kind of woman she
Thought her son's wife ought to be;
Pleaded then with weeping Nell
That she'd write to him and tell
Him she would not marry him.
Then, while still her eyes were dim,
But with cheeks of fire aglow
Nellie proudly answered, "No!"

"My heart's love is deep and true,
I have rights as well as you.
I have adoration, too,
For your son. Before I knew
Him my life meant naught to me
Save a hope that I might be
Ever happy, gay, and free
From all care, but now I see
Grander visions of great things
Loving service ever brings;
And to him I owe the change.
Why he loved me still seems strange.

"When he asked me first, if I
Would not like with him to try
For humanity to give
Of my best power while I live,
What he said to me did seem
But a visionary dream,
So I said, "let me be gay
Can't you love me, dear, for aye

As a happy child at play?"
He is ever wondrous good
So he kindly said he could,
And that evermore he would.

Then the shadows left the eyes
Of my soul, and I grew wise,
When his love revealed the crest
Of the mountain of the blest,
Now I reverence my best,
And my heart is calm at rest.
My great love, and his for me
From my past has set me free;
I am happy, for I see
Clearly I may ever be
Partner of a noble man
Working out Christ's highest plan
To achieve the greatest good—
Universal brotherhood.

"Dare you ask me to refuse
Him whose heart led him to choose
Me? Think you that I could give
Him whose love taught me to live
Pain by turning from him now?
I will keep my solemn vow.
True to him I'll ever be,
And to all he waked in me.
As his mother you were right
From his soul to keep all blight,

And with you I will unite
Aye to keep his pathway bright
As he climbs up life's steep height
To the crest, where shines the light.
I will ever worthy be,
If you'll share his love with me.
If you'll love me, mother, too,
Gladly I will share with you."

"Daughter mine," her mother said;
"Come and let me kiss your head,
Loving reverence so true
I have in my heart for you.
I am glad I lived to know
One who makes my old heart glow
With the deepest gratitude
To the Giver of all good
For the gift of one so rare.
I my son with you will share."

THE SWEETEST BIRTHDAY

LET us take a ride on the long swamp road;
It is forty years to-night
Since we drove there first from the old brown
church

In the moon's enchanting light.

The tall cedars held out their loving arms
In a dress of fleecy snow,
And the hemlocks grand from the hill looked down
On the wondrous world below.

Our young hearts were tuned to the universe,
And the earth grew strangely new,
As my whole life glowed with the thought sublime,
That the universe was you.

And I knew then first what the preacher meant
By the soul's rich overflow;
When the strong, clear light of youth's sacred fire
In my heart began to glow.

And I stopped the horse 'neath the cedar's arms,
Till a few great words we said;
And the rhythmic glory of love beat time
With the wind-song overhead.

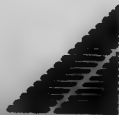
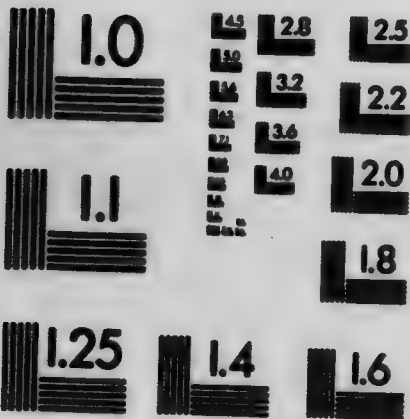
I can see the stars as they twinkled through
The old trees above us then;
And I hear the hemlocks in anthems sweet
Rejoice, as they sang "Amen."

So I long to go to the old swamp road
For another ride to-night;
For the sweetest birthday of human power
Is when love first shines its light.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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MY LESSON

OUT on a country roadside
I walked in blooming June;
I met a winsome woman
That epoch afternoon.

She was a village teacher;
I was a teacher, too;
She said that she was going
To gather flowers new,

To show them to her pupils,
And teach them how they grew.
I said, "May I go with you?
I'd like to learn from you."

She graciously consented;
I took her basket then,
And went with her to study
The flowers in the glen.

She spoke of them as dear friends;
I saw she loved them well;
And fascinating stories
About them she did tell.

Her simple Nature lessons
Gave life a wider view;
My heart was filled with rapture;
My mind had vision new,

Of God revealed in beauty.
She said in earnest tone,
"God gives each blooming flower, Sir,
A beauty all its own

"And each young soul has beauty
God meant for it alone,
And we should make each soul flower
Bloom true, when it has grown,

"In its own beauty's radiance;
In its own vital power;
In heart, in mind, in soulhood—
A perfect human flower."

I learned life's greatest lesson
That happy afternoon;
I heard life's sweetest music,
True love's ecstatic tune.

We left the glen returning,
And in the gloaming hour
I said with heart o'erflowing
"I wish I were a flower."

"For, if I were you'd love me."
" 'Twould be a better plan,"
She shyly said, "to teach me
To love you as a man.

"For even you, as flower, could
Return no love to me;
Without responsive lover
I could not happy be."

I said, "transcendent teacher!
The lessons you have taught
Of life and growth in Nature
A rich new vision brought,

"But richer far, the love light
That in my soul you shine
To make all Nature's heart beat
In harmony with mine.

"So I will gladly teach you
By Nature's perfect plan
Of loving you with truest love
To love me as a man."



“ Out in my cornfield near the wood
With grateful heart I silent stood ”

THE BITTER-SWEET AT THE BRIDGE

TWAS one of Autumn's matchless days;
October's Indian Summer haze
Lay over hill and valley spread;
The maples, olive, yellow, red,
Their painted leaves dropped gently down
To mingle with the oak leaves brown,
And cover up the flowers deep
To keep them warm in Winter's sleep.

Out in my cornfield near the wood
With grateful heart I silent stood,
The river ran between the hills
Along the valley to my mills
A mile away, and on each side
My fruitful acres, rich and wide,
In fallow field and meadow lay
That happy, epoch Autumn day.

My father died and left to me
His farms and mills. At twenty-three
My schooldays over; still heart free;
I dreamed of life and destiny.
I loved the freedom of the farm,
And Nature's ever-changing charm,
So, I decided I would stay
With mother on the farm that day.

Aroused from dreaming, I could hear
A carriage on the highway near.
Two ladies, young and happy, drove
Along the road beside the grove
Down to the bridge, where temptingly
Long vines of bitter-sweet hung free
In orange clusters from a beech
Above their heads just out of reach.

One climbed the bridge rail at the side;
Well poised she stood, and vainly tried
The prize to gain. At length her scream
Awoke me from my vision dream.
I ran with death a thrilling race;
I leaped the fence at hurdle pace;
I saw her floating still and white,
And caught her, as she sank from sight.

I carried her ashore. Her head
Was bleeding, and she lay as dead.
While in my arms I held her still,
Her sister drove us up the hill
To mother, and she always knew
In trouble what was best to do.
The doctor came and found her yet
Unconscious, so I went to get
Her mother, fourteen miles away,
That with her daughter she might stay.

While she an anxious vigil kept
Throughout the night, her daughter slept.
When morning came, above her head
She raised her hands, and faintly said,
"I cannot reach it." When she spoke
Her mother kissed her, and she woke,
Looked at her mother in surprise,
Smiled sweetly then, and closed her eyes.

The doctor ordered rest, and said
"She must remain a week in bed."
Long seemed the slow-winged days to me
Until the afternoon, when she
Sat on the balcony, and I
First saw the soul light in her eye,
First heard the music of her tone,
And knew that life had richer grown.

The happy days passed quickly then,
Each day we rambled in the glen,
Or over hill and valley drove
Past winding stream and blushing grove.
Avoiding it for Molly's sake
One road I did not dare to take.
Each day our friendship stronger grew;
Each day her charms gave rapture new.

A longer ride we took one day
Across the blue hills far away,
And hanging o'er a fence we found
Great bitter-sweet that reached the ground,

Fair Molly clapped her hands in glee;
"O get some branches, Carl," said she,
"For bitter-sweet will ever be
The dearest vine of all to me."

I placed rare clusters in her arms:
She blushed—I yielded to her charms
And kissed her. In the afterglow
We took the river road to go
Home by the bridge from which she fell.
I stopped beneath the beech to tell
My love. She laid her queenly head
Close on my breast, and softly said,
"Dear Carl! You saved my life, and now
With my whole heart I gladly vow
To live to make your life complete;
We'll share the bitter and the sweet."

I TOLD THE MOON

I TOLD the moon a story
About you,
She said, when I had finished,
"Yes, quite true!"

I said, "Dear moon, please tell me
How you know."

She smiled and quickly answered
"Ho! ho! ho!"

"Why I know all the lovers
Ev'rywhere.

That night when first you kissed her
I was there.

"I shine a magic love spell
In my light
That kindled you with glory
That June night.

"I never cease my shining,
And I know
I make true lovers happy
As I go.

"Not all do I remember—
Just a few.
None ever was more lucky,
Sir, than you.

"With all you say of Molly
I agree.
A queenly wife and woman
She will be."

AT A LOVER'S GRAVE

ALL God's wild flowers, sweet Eglantine,
In form or perfume are divine,
But you have both, so in my heart
I love you best, sweet Eglantine.

Some women have but beauty's charm,
And some are true who are not fair;
But she was beautiful and true,
Serene and pure, with wisdom rare.

Bloom on forever at her grave,
For you alone, sweet Eglantine,
Can represent her life so true,
And her pure spirit so benign.

OUR FIRST WALK HOME FROM CHURCH

MOLLY'S old sister and her old beau
Drove Molly to church one night.
Molly and I started home to walk,
Heart glad in the soft moonlight.

Molly's old sister and her old beau
Soon caught us, and stopped to say
"Molly, you'd better get in with us,
Three miles are a long, long way."

Just for a moment my heart stood still,
But soon my suspense was o'er;
"I'm quite happy, and so is Jim,"
She said: "We wish it was four."

SWEET EGLANTINE

FAIR queen of all the roadside flowers,
Sweet Eglantine;
Enchanting are your fairy bowers,
Sweet Eglantine;
Your soft pink blossoms—lovely gems—
Sweet Eglantine;
Form worthy, royal diadems,
Sweet Eglantine;
Your beauty and your perfume, too.
Sweet Eglantine;
Are peerless, so I turn to you,
Sweet Eglantine;
To symbolize a lover mine,
Sweet Eglantine;
In whom true worth and charm combine,
Sweet Eglantine;
With cheerful spirit, lofty view,
Sweet Eglantine;
And power to make *her* peerless, too,
Sweet Eglantine.

WHY DO YOU SING?

BOBOLINK, why do you sing so well,
Flying so high?

I have a story of love to tell

To earth and sky;

Life is so beautiful now in Spring,

What can I do but be glad and sing?

Beauty of flowers and blooming trees,

Sunshine so bright,

Perfume of clover on balmy breeze,

Make my heart light.

Joy bells of glory and gladness ring

Deep in my heart, so I have to sing.

Tenderly watching my loving mate

Down on her nest;

Cheering her while she must sit and wait

Till we are blest;

Soaring above her on hopeful wing,

What can I do but be glad and sing?

MORE WORTHY OF YOU

YOU wonder, you say, that I love you.
The wonder seems greater to me
That your love is mine; but your love, dear,
Will help me more worthy to be.

For all that is best in my life, dear,
Has started to grow since I knew
You love me. And loving you truly
Must help to make me worthy, too.

So fond love from you, and my own love
In time will transform me, I know,
For love is divine, and I hope, dear,
More worthy I ever may grow.

"GRAY HAired"

"GRAY haired," you say; that means to me
That you have wiser grown,
But whether brown or gray, you know
My heart is still your own.

When rising o'er the eastern dawn
The morning sun I see,
I get a message of true love
I know you sent to me.

And when the afterglow at eve
Shines red and opal blue,
Enraptured by its beauty, dear,
I sweetly dream of you;

And my deep heart responsive sends
At gloaming time to you
A message fond—"I love you, dear"
That each day grows more true.

DREAMING

AS I sit beside the ocean
In the Indian Summer days,
Looking back to years behind me
Through October's misty haze;
Catching glimpses of the wonders
That set all my life aglow
With the thrill of higher vision
In the days so long ago;
As some great revealing moment
Of the past comes shining through,
When I saw from higher hill crest
Wider, clearer, grander view;
I can hear the rhythmic music
Of the universe again,
And my glowing soul responsive
Turns to you with gladness then.

DOUBTING MOLLY

YOU say my love was never love,
But reverence alone;
Your deepest heart must know the truth;—
No love was ever known
More sweet, more pure, more rapturous
Than mine for you, my own.

My heart still feels the sacredness
Of earth, and sky, and sea,
When you awakened consciousness
That I must greater be
Than I had dreamed, because you gave
Your heart's best love to me.

And I accepted it as sent
To kindle power new;
To give me vision, faith, and hope;
And teach me how to do
The grander things revealed to me
To help to make life true.

So in my soul I saw you, dear,
Upon a height divine;
And radiant glory from your life
In mine began to shine;
And love transcendent filled my heart
Because your love was mine.
I gathered flowers of truest love,
And laid them on your shrine.

Each element of power in me
You made more mighty dear;
All beauty in the universe
You taught to bring me cheer;
You were my universe, and so
I could not but revere;
And reverence makes true love's roots
Go deeper each new year.

TO A BLACK-EYED SUSAN

QUEEN of flowers you are to me,
Dearest flower you'll ever be;
Other flowers have beauty rare,
But no other can compare
With you—Molly loved you.

You are more to me than flower;
You recall the happy hour
When the sunset sky was red,
And when Molly sweetly said:
"Ever, dear, I'll love you."

So I shared her love with you,
Sweeter love man never knew,
And until my life shall end
You shall ever be my friend—
Oh, flower, dear! I love you.

SUNSET ON ST. LAWRENCE NEAR THE SEA

BEHIND the dark blue mountains on the West
The sun sank slowly out of sight,
But still shone on beyond the mountain heights.
So for an hour its magic light
Spread beauty o'er the west, north, east, and south;
And mirrored it on rippling sea,
Till vaulted sky and river's glowing breast
A dream of glory seemed to be.

No beauty had I ever seen before
So wonderful on sea or land,
And as I stood enraptured there, dear heart,
I longed for you to take my hand,
And share with me the glory of the hour.
Your love light ever kindles me;
And sharing beauty's charms with you reveals
New power the beautiful to see.

And I could feel your spirit with me, dear,
In loving sympathy with mine
Giving a richer beauty to the glow,
And thrilling me with joy divine.
Life's pictures evermore will be more bright;
Life's glories ever be more grand;
While I can dream that you are with me, dear
To fondly take me by the hand.

EAR

West

heights.

outh;



The Grand River near its junction
with the Irvine at Elora, Ont.

ELORA*

RARE glory o'er the sky was glowing
When day was done,
Where the two rivers, swiftly flowing,
Rushed into one.

There stood an Indian maiden weeping
Love's silent tears,
Till came her chieftain lover leaping,
To calm her fears.

"Elora," said her chieftain, "never
Shall we two part;
For I will hold you nestling ever
Close to my heart."

"Mine is the love that knows no ending;
Our hearts will grow
Together in the magic blending
Of love's warm glow."

"Come, then, your father's hate defying,
Let us be one,
And prove our love to be undying
Till life is done."

*The river Irvine enters the Grand at Elora. Elora was an Indian maiden who with her lover stood on the point of the triangular cliff at the junction of the two rivers, when her father suddenly found them and threatened to shoot her young chief. The lovers leaped from the cliff and were killed. Elora was named after the Indian maiden.

Then, as their vows they fondly plighted,
Her father came
Swift from the wood, his dark eyes lighted
With angry flame.

Strong armed, his eye was clear and steady;
Though crazed by grief,
He held his rifle straight and ready,
To shoot her chief.

"No hope, Elora, mine forever,"
Her chieftain said,
"So on the bosom of the river
We will be wed."

Then, with locked arms around her clinging,
He clasped his bride,
And o'er the cliffside lightly springing,
They leaped and died.

TO THE TRENT

LEAPING, rushing, gliding river,
Smiling, singing, do you know
Why you set my heart a-quiver?
Why you give me thrilling glow?
Why since first your charms enthralled me,
Life has known a rapture new?
Why your magic ever called me
Through the years to come to you?

I can see your wavelets gleaming,
As the sunshine lit each crest,
While I sit here fondly dreaming
Of the hour supremely blest,
When I learned life's sweetest story
On that happy day in June,
When my heart with rhythmic glory
First beat time to love's sweet tune.

Briar roses, lilies yellow,
On your banks in beauty grew;
Thrushes sang their music mellow
O'er your waters clear and blue,
When I saw life's grandest vision
In my darling's love-lit eye,
And a wondrous light elysian
Shone on river, earth and sky.

Do you wonder, smiling river,
That I came with heart a-glow,
Grateful to the loving Giver
For the light of long ago?
Light whose glory leaves me never,
On the land or on the sea,
Whose revealing power ever
Makes life beautiful to me.

WOULD LIFE BE SWEETER?

WOULD life be sweeter had we never known
Those great days long ago,
When my enraptured heart for you alone
Was thrilled by love's first glow?

Have you, because you fondly whispered "Yes,"
Dark shadows of regret?
Would years have brought you higher happiness
If we had never met?

Or did the love glow of those epoch hours
Shine on with radiant light,
And start the blooming of some sweet new flowers
That made your pathway bright?

Did your enkindled heart awake remain
To hear life's music sweet,
And see its glory even through your pain,
To make faith more complete?

NOT WHEN WE PART, DEAR MOLLY

"Only in the agony of Parting do we look into the Depths of Love."—*George Eliot.*

NOT when we part, dear Molly,
Does love light shine
Most clearly your heart's message
Down into mine.

'Tis when I meet you, darling,
That I can see
Deep in your open heart, love's
Welcome to me.

Never was love glow brighter
Than yours and mine,
When our fond hearts first kindled
Beneath the pine.

Love has no richer uplift
No deeper thrill
Than that great moment brought us
There on the hill.

True, as we hear the music
Of love's sweet song
On through the years our love bond
Becomes more strong.

Tested in light and shadow
Our love must grow
Making life's eve sky radiant
With afterglow.

NORA'S MAGIC

THERE are witches spreading glory on the trees;
There are fairies bearing beauty to the flowers;
And the music that is borne upon the breeze
Is the sweetest ever heard in woodland bowers.

I alone can see the beauty that is new;
No one else can hear the music that I hear;
For the witches and the fairies are in you,
'Tis your magic that has charmed me, Nora dear.

Yes! the bird song was as sweet a year ago,
And the change is not in blossom or in tree—
Your fond love has lit my heart with brighter glow,
And the witches and the fairies are in me.

LOVE

LOVE lights youth's dawn-time sky,
Love is the sun
Of growth at noon, and glow
When day is done.

Love is the mountain path
Of purpose high
By which the soul must climb
To see the sky.

Love kindles in our lives
Our highest powers;
Love starts the richest bloom
Of life's sweet flowers.

Love clears away the clouds
That we may see
The vital truths of life
And so grow free.

Love is transforming light
Revealing good:
Love leads us hand in hand
To brotherhood.

UNDER THE BITTERSWEET

HEART full, I long for you here to-night;
Bittersweet berries are on the vine,
Red as they were in the sunset light,
When you first kindled my light divine.

Comrade! I wonder if you can know
How you transformed me by vision new,
Waking, inspiring me long ago,
When you revealed to me wider view.

Visions of growth and achievement grand,
Triumph exultant before unknown,
Shone in my soul as I held your hand,
Conscious of power that was mine alone.

Mine to be used for my fellow man,
Breaking old bonds that he might be free,
Guiding him light-ward to see Hope's plan,
Aiding him ever more true to be.

Out of my eyes comes joy's overflow,
But through the tear mist I clearly see
Bright o'er the future Faith's golden glow,
Born on that epoch of life in me.

MY YOUTHFUL LOVER

I'D like to walk with you to-day
To the old schoolhouse hill,
And stand with you and hold your hand
And say "I love you still."

I'd like to sit with you again
Beside our singing stream
In moonlight on the moss-grown log,
And of the future dream.

I'd like to tell of triumphs won
Kindled by you, dear heart,
And how you lighted up my path
With love's revealing art.

My memories are all I have,
So I must dream alone;
But memory will ever bring
Sweet dreams of you, my own.

WHEN DAYS ARE DARK

WHEN days are dark I need you
To comfort me,
To break the bonds of sadness
And set me free.

For, when you come, my dear heart,
Clouds disappear,
And life regains its sweetness,
Its charm and cheer.

When bright days come, and blessings
Dispel my care
I long to have you with me
My joys to share.

Your sharing makes joy glisten
With beauty new;
And gladness turns to glory
Transformed by you.

THE GOOD OLD WAY

LIFE'S darkest storm clouds
Soon pass away,
Because you love me,
The good old way.

'Twould make me younger
With you to stay,
And feel your hand-clasp
The good old way.

'Twould be like sunshine
In blooming May
To see you smiling
The good old way.

'Twould make me truer
To spend a day,
And hear you talking
The good old way.

TO MOLLY

OVER the hills on the country road
That epoch night
Driving together, we saw the glow
Of sunset light.

Afterglow never can be so bright
To us again;
Dawn-glow of love never be more sweet
Than ours was then.

Whispering winds in the treetops sang
Love's new, sweet tune;
Stars sang it too, as they wisely smiled
At the old moon.

Heaven and earth were our own that night;
We understood
Better than ever before, that life
Is sweet and good.

YOUR HERO LOVER

YOU found each other, and
His love was yours;
Though he can come no more
His love endures.

God's greatest gift to him
Was brought by you;
Let his love-kindled life
Make yours more true.

Keep in your deepest heart
Love's sacred shrine;
Then when the clouds have passed
God's sun will shine
Into your happy soul
Love-light Divine.

COME IN MY DREAMS

COME in my dreams, recalling
The long, long past to me;
Tender, and true, and happy,
As you were wont to be.

Come in my dreams, and whisper
Your loving words again,
Under the hemlock arches
In June, as you did then.

Come in my dreams, and show me
On sky and land and sea
Glory unseen, until you
Taught me to clearly see.

Come in my dreams, inspiring
My deepest life anew;
Come in my dreams, and, waking,
I shall dream on of you.

COME TO ME

WHEN I am sad I need your cheer,
Come to me then;
And, when your smile has dried
I'll sing again.

When I am happy, come to me,
My joys to share,
And days from care will be as free
As childhood's were.

When I see glory on the sea,
On sky, or land,
I need you most, for you will see
And understand.

cheer,

dried my tear.



When the thorn blooms in May

MY HEART IS IN IRELAND IN MAY

WHEN the thorn blooms in May
My heart flies away
Old Ireland to thee

Far over the sea,
And I dream that again
In my home in the glen
The sweet songs I can hear
Of my mother so dear.

And beneath the white tree
My Nora I see
That day long ago
Her love thrilled me so
That birdsongs were new,
And skies were more blue,
And life's great joy was born
Neath the arms of the thorn.

Dear old Ireland to me
You ever will be
The fairest and best.
This land of the West
Is a land wide and free
From the sea to the sea,
But a witch-bond in me
Binds me ever to thee.

IF

IF I had pleasures, I would come to you
To share my joy
For you would smile, and I would be once more
A happy boy.

If I had sorrows I would come to you
For comfort then,
And, you would soothe me, and my hidden sun
Would shine again.

If I had visions of great things to do
I'd come to you;
You'd understand. Your kindred soul would guide
To higher view.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

WHEN we were young all things were seen
Through a golden haze,
So friendships true and strong were formed
In the good old days.

Those friendships, fond, unselfish, pure,
Throughout the passing years endure.

And when by friendship's kindling light
Hearts were set ablaze,

Life's strongest roots grew deeper down
In the good old days;

And vital buds of life's best powers
Have blossomed into rarest flowers.

Our heart-streams flowed together then
Through enchanted ways,

And formed a river clear and deep
In the gold old days.

And still with current swift and strong
That river bears our best along.

THAT DAY

AS I climb the mountains of life, dear friend,
And my soul responds to the wider view,
I shall often think with a glowing heart
Of an epoch day that I spent with you.

When I see rare beauty on earth or sky
It will kindle visions of beauty grand
Of the hills, the streams, and the rocky glens,
That we saw that day in the wild woodland.

Through the halo mist of my memory
I shall see the red of the Autumn trees;
And the yellow leaves, as they fluttered down,
When set free by breath of the Western breeze.

And life's joys will bless me with higher power;
And its songs will stir me with sweeter tone;
And a lustrous light o'er my path will shine,
As it shone that day in your eyes, my own.

THE SONG OF THE BLACK-EYED- SUSANS

TEN thousand yellow flowers
Laughed merrily one day,
And bowed to meet the breezes
That came with them to play.

And when the breezes left them,
In voices soft and sweet
They sang a grand new anthem
Their loving queen to greet.

Their music was enchanting;
Their loving language new,
And yet I could interpret
Their song of love so true.

They sang "O, sweetest woman!
Your great love thrilled us so,
That we have *all* decided
More beautiful to grow."

In that exultant moment
My Molly dear, I knew
Their most triumphant tribute
Was meant, dear heart, for you.

My heart responded gladly
To what they said of you;
Your love had waked my best, dear,
And given vision new;
And filled my life with purpose
Still better things to do.

NATURE'S RESPONSE TO LOVE

COME to the woods with me,
May time is here,
Flower and blooming tree
Bring Heaven near.

Here in this quiet nook
Under the beech,
Out of her wondrous book
Let Nature teach.

Open your heart and feel
Her heart's love-glow,
Deep in your heart reveal
Power to grow,

Power to find the best
That life can give;
To see, to do, to rest,
And truly live.

THE KINDLING POWER OF LOVE

BEAUTY of leaf on the waving trees!
Beauty of bloom on the sweet spring flowers!
Tell me, in music of balmy breeze,
Whence comes the glory of woodland bowers?

"Deep in our hearts all our beauty lay,"
Answered the trees and the flowers to me,
"Till it awoke at the call of May;
'Till by the spirit of life set free."

Beautiful thoughts in our hearts lie, too,
Waiting the message o. love, and then
Beauty of life in our souls grows true,
Blooming in deeds for our fellow men.

THE GREATEST KISS

SOME say "the first," and some "the last,"
And some "the one I cannot get,"
Each has a special thrilling bliss
But mine has not been given yet.
The kiss above all others sweet
I hope to get when next we meet.

"M"

M STANDS for Moss on the bank, where we
Sat neath the arms of the hemlock tree;
M stands for Melody of your voice
Which through the years makes my heart rejoice.

M stands for Matchless, and that means you,
Matchless in beauty and love so true;
M stands for Miracle that you see
Something to kindle your love for me.

M stands for Memory of your tone
When you consented to be My Own;
But its best meaning will ever be,
M stands for *Molly* and *Mine* to Me.

MOLLY'S SMILE

SHE did not smile as others do;
She was a smile;
When first I met her, conscious joy
Made life worth while.

When sorrow brought discouraged souls
Despondent tears,
Her smile shone through the gloom, and changed
Their sighs to cheers.

If evil came with purpose dark
Her life to harm,
And saw her smile it turned to good,
Won by her charm.

O! winsome, sweet, exultant smile
Shine ever on.
The brightest flowers of life will grow,
Where you have shone.

TO MY IRISH MOLLY

HERE by the Lakes of Killarney
Fairest of all earth, men say,
Near the sweet spot you were born in
Dream I of you this birthday.

Beauty divine on the landscape,
Beauty divine on the flowers,
Beauty divine on the beeches,
Fills with rare joy all my hours.

Yet by the lake in my dreaming
Sometimes I feel you are near,
Then flowers, and landscape, and beeches
Out of my heart disappear,

And I dream sweetly of you, Molly,
For in this big heart of mine
You are my universe, Molly,
You are God's gift most divine.

A LOVER TO A BLIZZARD

YOU think your storm can make me sad.
What folly!

When I to-day a letter had
From Molly.

Blow on! Attack with snow and sleet.

I'm jolly,
For O! my letter is so sweet
From Molly.

Against the pane blow fiercer yet.

I'm jolly;
Your horrors can't make me forget
My Molly.

I'll keep her letter near my heart

Aye jolly,
For she has love's divinest art
Dear Molly.

JOYS IN WINTER

UPON the hills when all the fields
Are covered o'er with snow
I like to stand and see the homes
In sheltered glens below.

And far beyond the valleys, watch
The gleaming of the light
That sparkles on the crystal gems
Of yonder mountain height.

I like to hear upon the ice
The children's merry glee
Proclaiming to the distant hills
That they are glad and free.

I'd like to drive a good fast horse
With cutter meant for two;
If I could take one seat, and give
The other one to you.

And coming home we'd take the road
That passes by the pine,
Where first you laid your hand, dear girl,
So lovingly in mine.

And we could stop beneath the tree,
And I would hear again
The greatest story ever told,
As you, dear, told it then.

For I remember well, dear heart,
Your story neath the pine;
And I would like to hear again
How you remember mine.

IN SPRING

GREEN leaves revealing
Life ever new;
Bloodroot's white blossoms;
Violets blue;
Diamonds shining
Bright in the dew;
Dawn time's awaking;
Eve glow's adieu;
Kindle my heart, dear,
With love so true;
For they remind me
Molly, of you.

I'D NEED AN ANGEL'S VOICE

O, MOLLY! in my deepest heart
I feel true love for you,
But I can not express it, as
I so much wish to do;
I'd need an angel's power to say
What's flaming in my heart to-day.
But, as a man, I'll say dear heart
"To me you are divine;
That life will ever grow more sweet,
If you will but be mine;
That you will be my dawn-time sun,
And eve-glow, when the day is done."

LOVER MINE

IF you should fly to the farthest star,
I'd find you,
And with the ties of my love so true
I'd bind you.
I'd tell again all the hopeful things
I've told you,
And in the arms of eternal faith
I'd hold you.
I'd take your hand, and forever stay
Beside you,
Through radiant glory of all the spheres
I'd guide you.

A LOVER'S SUGGESTION

AS language never could express

What I would like to say,

Let your imagination fill

These spaces your own way.

And dear, be sure you fill them full

Of love's divinest dreams,

And light them with hope's radiant stars,

In their transcendent beams.

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